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DECEMBER, 1951

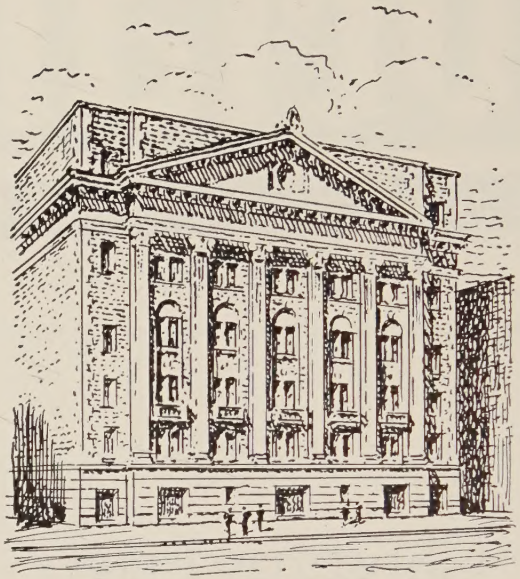
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Christmas Prayer

Let Christmas not become a thing
Merely of merchants' trafficking,
Of tinsel, bells and holly wreath
And surface pleasures, but beneath
The childish glamour let us find
Nourishment for soul and mind.
Let us follow kinder ways
Through our teeming human maze
And help the age of peace to come
From a Dreamer's martyrdom.

Madeline Morse



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam

Volume XXVIII *December, 1951* *Number 9*

The Christmas Season

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Monday, December 17, at 1:00 p.m.
Christmas Party of the Woman's Club. Program by Florence Wilson Guliford, Dramatic Interpreter.

Wednesday, December 19, at 8 p.m.
CHRISTMAS BOOK LECTURE—"AN EVENING WITH CHRISTMAS POETRY"

Friday, December 21, at 7 p.m.
ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL
Santa Claus will be there—and so will Dr. Bradley. A Christmas Play will be presented by the children, under the direction of Vera Swanson. There will be a gift for every child.

Sunday, December 23, at 11 a.m.
CHRISTMAS SUNDAY SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject: "ARE WE KILLING CHRISTMAS?"

Sunday, December 23, at 7 p.m.
ANNUAL CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY
Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School

CHRISTMAS PLAY—"THE GIFT" by Marie Agnes Foley
To be presented by The Jack and Jill Players, Franklin Adams, Director. In Memory of J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director of The Uptown Players.

Monday, December 24, at 11 p.m. until midnight
CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject: "A BABY CHALLENGES THE WORLD"

Monday, December 31, at 11 p.m. until midnight
ANNUAL WATCH NIGHT SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject: "TOMORROW AND TOMORROW"

There will be a Christmas Party for girls of the Lakewood House, to be given by the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club and the Professional and Business Woman's Club. The date in December to be announced on the Church calendar.

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IT isn't very often I have an opportunity of hearing other speakers or to attend functions where I do not have some responsibility in them, but whenever the opportunity arises I always try to meet and hear as many worthwhile people as possible.

Since my return this Fall, I have had several opportunities which I want to share with you.

* * *

For several years I have been a member of the Society of Midland Authors. It isn't often I can attend a luncheon, but I was fortunate in being able to attend the luncheon given to Ethel Waters.

I had met Ethel Waters on one other occasion but did not have an opportunity of talking with her very extensively. At the Society of Midland Authors Luncheon I was privileged to spend nearly an hour and a half in her company. The dining room at Riccardo's was filled to overflowing with writers, columnists, critics, novelists and poets who reside in our area.

There were two other guests with Miss Waters, Mr. Ivar Harrie, Editor in Chief of the *Stockholm Express* since 1944. He has had both an academic and newspaper career and is interested in both literature and the theatre. He also has a commentary program over the Swedish radio. He has written several books and has translated Plutarch, the plays of Aristophanes, Corneille and Racine.

The other guest was Mr. Sigurd Evensmo, from the neighboring country of Norway. He is a novelist and a member of P. E. N.

Mr. Harrie was my table companion and I had an opportunity of visiting with him about conditions in Scandinavia and getting his reactions on the world situation. He speaks a fine English and I found him to be a most highly cultured, delightful gentleman.

Mr. Emmett Dedmon, dramatic critic of the Chicago Sun-Times and literary editor of the same paper, presided at the luncheon and introduced Miss Waters.

I had just finished reading her autobiography, one of the most interesting books of the present season, *His Eye is on the Sparrow*. Ethel Waters is one of the most sincere and genuine people I have ever met. Her talk was intimate, frank, and indicated the nobility of her own soul and the beauty of her philosophy. Her childhood, spent in the most tragic of environments, with poverty and vice all about her everywhere, her own life filled with success and failure interwoven together, have brought a refinement and a spiritual sense of fitness to her mature philosophy which was an inspiration to hear.

At the conclusion of her informal talk she sang in her soft, resonant voice, *I Have a Great Saviour*. I looked about the room and there was not a dry eye. The tears were running down the faces of Fannie Butcher, Emmett Dedmon and others who ordinarily would never project such emotional reactions. Men and women who have been accustomed to the brutalities of life, the battle of life, and who sometimes we think of as so hardened by these experiences, found their hearts melted and their eyes bathed in tears. It was an unforgettable and almost inexpressible moment.

If the time should ever come when Ethel Waters should leave the theatre and the moving picture, the radio and television, she could perform one of the greatest missions on this earth by

simply telling her story, unadorned and unembellished by any of the arts. It would be one of the great stories of our country's history.

She told me that she never makes her entrance on the stage without a moment of prayer. Her faith in God, in humanity and in the future was enheartening to all who heard her. I wish she might tell her story just as she told it that noontime to every person in the world.

* * *

One of the places I most wanted to visit in London last summer was the Festival of Britain. The summer before I had noticed the building operations for the Festival from my train window as I passed in and out of Waterloo Station. The site is in the heart of London, by the Thames. The area covered there by the Festival was nowhere near as large an area as that covered by our Century of Progress in 1933 and '34, but the whole idea of the Festival of Britain was conceived on an entirely different plan than our great highly centralized expositions which have been held here. I thought when I arrived in Britain that the Festival of Britain was all concentrated in the London Festival of Britain grounds. This was far from the situation.

Every town, every village, every city in all Britain held its own Festival of Britain. The London center was devoted largely to the great scientific and mechanical progress of the nation and was exceedingly interesting. Transportation was emphasized. The contribution of electronics to industrial activity and development was represented in a most educational way. But the cultural and educational and artistic achievements of Britain were commemorated all over the country.

When I was in Belfast, in Ireland, the people of Belfast had their own Festival of Britain, which was observed by plays and art exhibits and cultural activities. It can be truthfully said that the Festival of Britain itself as held in London was only the nerve center from which there went out over the whole nation avenues of achievement.

To give you an example of what I mean, take the town of Tenterden in Kent. I preached in the ancient meeting house in Tenterden and had an opportunity to meet the Rev. Karecki and the many fine people associated with our work in Tenterden. It is a mistake to think that London and the larger cities of the British Isles are the only centers in which the Festival of Britain was held. Many of the small country towns and even villages were no less enterprising in making the festival a nationwide affair.

The observance in Tenterden was a fine example. The beautiful old town is in the heart of the Kentish Weald. Tenterden's greatest son was William Caxton, the first English printer. Born there in 1422 into a family of weavers, he went to the Low Countries on family business and there met Gutenberg. From this meeting developed Caxton's resolve to introduce to England the new art of book production by printed type. It was appropriate therefore that books should play a dominant part in the Tenterden Festival.

The distinguished British actress, Dame Edith Evans, whom I had the pleasure of seeing act in a London theatre, opened the Tenterden Festival. The visitors in Tenterden found a complete history of England written in mellow brick and tile, which are so characteristic of Kentish construction. The Early English and Perpendicular Gothic of the parish church built in Kentish ragstone, the larger houses in the town built by the Flemish weavers who were invited there by Edward III,

the High Street with its double row of trees and spacious grass bounded by the footpaths, are all representative of four centuries of Kentish civic life and set the stage upon which the country folk, the weavers, the ironmasters, the boat-builders, and finally the master of all English printers, have had their day.

Tenterden is associated with the sea, yet it is not on the sea. Within the last three hundred years a river has changed its course and land and water in conflict have carried the coast line several miles southward and left between Tenterden and the English Channel the famous levels of Romney Marsh, home of the world-famous breed of sheep and haunt of smugglers in olden times.

Tenterden has an 18th Century town hall which presented an exhibition of books from Caxton's time to the present day. One of the many interesting exhibits was the Caxton Deeds, belonging to Viscount Kemsley, the English newspaper owner, and which are kept in the British Museum. On view were books printed by Caxton as well as the works of other famous printers.

All over Great Britain were held exhibits, programs, cultural events of historical background. It would be like holding a Century of Progress in every village and hamlet and city of the United States.

This impressed me very much, and while millions of people visited the main observance of the Festival of Britain in London, every man, woman and child in the nation had an opportunity of being a part of the Festival of Britain.

* * *

I wish there were some way to impress every American visiting in Europe how important they are in creating an impression of our country and its people. It is tragic that so many Americans, when on the other side of the Atlantic, parade their wealth and criticize everything they see and keep constantly making contrasts between Europe and the United States. I ran into many of this type on my travels during the summer. Each traveler is an ambassador and they can do harm or good in helping to create a better understanding.

When in London I noticed the London press emphasized the visit of an American playwright, Mr. Bruce Milholland. I had never heard of the gentleman, but he was in all the newspapers, a gray-haired man of 48, who said he was there to negotiate for the production of a play and to study the London theatre. In an interview he said clothes are his hobby, and for his stay in England he brought more than 60 polo shirts, 24 sports jackets, nine suits, two topcoats, twelve pairs of shoes, seven pairs of bathing shorts, three dozen shirts and four dozen pairs of socks. It is this sort of thing which is irritating to anyone trying to create more amicable feelings between Europe and this country. Why any traveler should want to take what he did, even though he could afford twice as much, is beyond me. I go to Europe with a minimum amount of clothing and baggage, and to make such a display as this gentleman did, does more harm than apparently he realizes. It gives the people there an entirely false impression of us.

* * *

I was walking by St. Martins in the Fields Church in Trafalgar Square one morning in London, and noticed on the bulletin board that Bishop Austin Pardue of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., was to be the noon speaker.

Bishop Austin Pardue was a Chicago boy. His father and mother lived in Chicago and when he was in high school frequently attended our church.

He entered the Episcopalian ministry and his first parish was St. Mary's Church in Hibbing, Minnesota, about forty miles from our little Island home. Mrs. Bradley, Jimmie and I used to drive occasionally on Sunday mornings over to his church in Hibbing and attend services. He has visited us at the Island. We have watched him ascend the ladder of ecclesiastical recognition from that first parish until now he is Bishop of the great city of Pittsburgh. He has visited us in our Chicago home and we have kept up our friendship through the years, so I was delighted to know he was in London.

I went in to the service, heard him preach an eloquent and effective sermon, and then afterwards went up to meet him. He was surprised and received me warmly and graciously. When friends meet anywhere it is always a delightful experience, but when you meet someone who is your friend thousands of miles away from home and when your heart is heavy, it is a helpful experience.

We were both busy and I did not see too much of the Bishop in London, but when I got on the steamer train in Paris taking me to the Queen Mary at Cherbourg, there sat Bishop Austin Pardue, and so we came home to the United States together.

* * *

Another passenger on this train, whom I met on his way to America, was Mr. Walter Davenport, one of America's well-known correspondents and journalists. Mr. Davenport, with his wife, was returning from an exhaustive study of European conditions.

The ride from Paris to Cherbourg is always interesting (I have made it many times), but since World War II unusually so, because you pass through some of the most devastated havoc of war. The beach heads of Normandy are not far away, and you pass through the territory over which the allied armies fought on their way from the Channel to Berlin. I saw no more tragic spectacle which was the result of war than you will see in the town of Gaen on the way to the sea. The French countryside is beautiful and as one rode along he could not help breathing a prayer that the land would never be polluted again by war.

* * *

Probably our most famous passenger on the Queen Mary returning this year was Mr. Bernard Baruch. He mingled freely with the passengers, was on deck every day and I had an opportunity of meeting him. I know of no man at his age with a more penetrating or analytical mind, and while one may not agree with all of his observations, suggestions and opinions, one cannot help but feel they are motivated by a deep loyalty and love of the things for which America stands.

Arthur Godfrey met Mr. Baruch at the pier in New York and we had an opportunity of seeing them for a few minutes on the pier after arrival.

* * *

One of the most remarkable men I have met recently was the distinguished Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, former editor of La Prensa, the newspaper seized by Peron. I heard Dr. Paz at the Chicago dinner outline the finest argument for freedom of the press I have ever heard.

He is not at all the excitable type of South Amercan which people often associate with the South American temperament. He spoke for an hour in rather good English, without any undue emotion or stress. His style was quiet, impressive and serious. There was no bitterness in what he had to say, no attack made on anyone, but his presentation of his experiences, what he had gone through, what had happened to his great newspaper, were all presented

in a subdued, repressed spirit which added tremendously to his effectiveness.

My table companions at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. John Duveen (Mr. Duveen is head of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club), and Mr. and Mrs. Pulitzer from St. Louis (of the great newspaper there). They all shared my opinion that Dr. Paz is probably the most powerful personality in the field of world journalism, in his refusal to surrender or give up the fight for freedom of the press.

By the time you read this we will be approaching Christmas Day. I extend a personal wish to you that the day for you and yours will be a most happy one and the New Year may be a better year for you, for our country and for the world.

It will be my second Christmas without Mrs. Bradley and my first without Jimmie; and probably more than on any other holiday in the year we miss our loved ones most at Christmastime, and so, in the enduring words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one."

CHURCH NEWS

DR. BRADLEY'S WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

December 5th
"The Art of Clear Thinking"
by Rudolf Flesch

December 12th
"Two Cheers for Democracy"
by E. M. Forster

December 19th
"An Evening With Christmas Poetry"

December 26th
"The Way to Security"
by Henry C. Link

CHURCH SCHOOL

The Candle Light Service practice is well under way under the direction of Margaret Chirpe and Anada Cosgrove, both of whom are in the Peoples Church Choir.

Christmas Party

The Christmas Party will be held on Friday evening, December 21st. Dr. Bradley will be there—so will Santa Claus, with a gift for every child. The children will present a Christmas Play under the capable direction of Vera Swanson.

* * *

Over 200 parents and children enjoyed the Church School Family Dinner on October 26th. The turkey was delicious, the children's program superb and the outstanding event of the evening was the acceptance of the Christian Flag for the Church School by the Guest of Honor, Dr. Preston Bradley.

This beautiful flag was presented and explained, along with other flags of our country by the nine-year-old class, under the direction of Herbert Van Erkenswick.

* * *

The Hallowe'en Party was a grand success. The Sunday School played host to over 100 children under the direction of the Channing Club.

* * *

The next Class Party is to be held after this issue goes to press, but before you will read these lines. The ten and eleven-year olds will be the hosts, under the direction of Nellie Nelson and Fred Speelman. Pictures will be shown which date back to the early days of the Peoples Church, together with pictures taken at various Church School Picnics. These pictures are very interesting and a large attendance is expected.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 3, Reciprocity Day. "Chicago Through the Years," by Mrs. Elmer Luckow. Colored picture slides of Chicago Many Years Ago. Interiors and exteriors of old homes and mansions. Gay-Ninety costumes and old songs by the members. Chairman, Mrs. A. S. Kredler. Hostesses, Mrs. J. H. Baer and Mrs. Fred Klemp ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 17, Christmas Party. Veterans and Volunteers Department. Program by Florence Wilson Guliford, Dramatic Interpreter. Chairman, Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh. Hostesses, Mrs. Carl Marinello, Mrs. Carl Tiedeman and Mrs. P. Amore ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Anderson Hall. Watch Church Calendar for announcement of Christmas events ..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Dec. 24, Watch Church Calendar for announcement ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium .... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

YOU ARE NOT ALONE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1951

THOSE of us whose memories go back to the first World War will recall that there were many great personalities who came out of the tragedy and the agony of that first world experience. But in the sphere of religion there were two whose memory increases with brilliancy as the years pass. Neither of them were generals; neither of them were military leaders; neither of them were politicians; neither of them were statesmen; neither of them had anything to do with dictating the policies of nations or manipulating the activities of armies or military forces. Both of them one might say were soldiers. But they were something more than any of the categories I have mentioned.

The first was Donald Henke. And probably to the present generation the name Donald Henke means very little. But to the youth who are engaged in this frightful and uncertain hour in military operations I would suggest to you that you familiarize yourself at the first opportunity with the great book of Donald Henke, with the sketch of his life and that you absorb something of the continuing power of his personality. Donald Henke was a soldier at arms and experienced all of the brutalities and animalism of operative war in its most demoniacal and fiendish environment. But someone asked him once what religion was and Donald Henke replied "Religion is betting your life that there is a God." Religion is betting your life that there is a God.

One could spend the whole time of the sermon on Donald Henke and what he meant to his generation of young soldiers, so young, and with so much of life left for them which they never had; but there is another lingering influence and another lingering personality that some of us had an opportunity of meeting in those tragic days. He was a chaplain and probably no single individual in those days had a wider influence over the men of the armed forces, of all religions and of all emphases than did Studdert Kennedy. This is particularly an hour in which distinctions are more blurred and in which values are more obscure and in which so far we have not yet quite produced a certain quality of leadership that seems so necessary and primary if a great objective is to be realized from the sacrificial affairs of men.

Studdert Kennedy was a poet. He was a member of the Anglican Church. He was a minister, a priest of that church. Studdert Kennedy went out to all the great war forces on the Continent of Europe until, because of the perception and penetration of his own beautiful spiritual qualities, every soldier who ever came under his influence went away a better and a finer person. Studdert Kennedy was not bound by the traditions of a dogmatic theology. He never preached a sermon in his life in which he talked about the 39 Articles of the church. He never preached a sermon in his life in which he argued the merits of his own particular form of baptism. He never preached a sermon in his life in which he made argument and controversy over the infallibility of the Pope or the Virgin birth. He never went to men, whose souls were lost in the brutalities of life, with all the superficial aspects in religion. Death is always tragic but it is always

relative in its tragedy. To the elderly it is to be expected; but there seems to be an element of unusual tragedy when the young die, when those who have more tomorrows than they have yesterdays; as we approach the maturity of life death is less consequential in its agonizing power, when there are fewer tomorrows than there were yesterdays. But where there are more tomorrows than there have been yesterdays, then there is a quality of tragedy injected into this experience of dissolution from this physical plane of life which is unusually tragic.

And Studdert Kennedy had to spend his great ministry in the armed forces, being with dying men who had every right to live and those whose tomorrows were bright and hopeful. And when addressing a group of ministers in the City of London one day, a minister at the conclusion of his address turned to him and said "Studdert Kennedy, no man in this war has a greater influence upon the entire soldier group than yourself, and yet, Studdert Kennedy, you are deficient in the great fundamentals of the Christian faith and the great dogmas and creeds. I have heard you say nothing about the final judgment and you are meeting men and being with men every day of your life when you are out in the front lines (where he always was). You are facing the Judgment Seat of God and you have not talked about man meeting God, his Judge, and about the records which these men made and are making in their personal lives and in their moral lives. Do you not feel an element of fear that you are not meeting your whole responsibility, as you hold in your arms dying men, with their brains oozing out of mutilated skulls and their hearts stopping because the heart can't get enough blood to keep it going; Studdert Kennedy, you are dealing with men who are facing the Judgment Seat of God. Can you face the responsibility of that moment as you are facing it?"

And a smile came across Studdert Kennedy's face—I had the privilege of meeting him one time and I can recapture the beauty of that smile across the years this morning, for Studdert Kennedy has now met God just as all of us must meet God—and a smile came across the face of Studdert Kennedy as he looked into the face of that dogmatic clergyman who was insistent that Studdert Kennedy deal with some of the great controversies of religion instead of the great affirmations of religion and the great theologies about Christ, and he said "There is a Judgment Day, and I shall face God, as my boys dying out there in those agonizing experiences will face God; but I believe," said Studdert Kennedy, "that when I face God and when you face God, God will only ask you or me one question. It will not be 'What is your race?' God doesn't have to ask the question 'What is your race?'" God knows your race and we are what we are not of our own choosing but of the decision of God. We did not choose our race nor our color. They are beyond our control. We have nothing to do with it, nothing to do with our origin whatever.

And Studdert Kennedy said "God will not ask you your race because God knows and God is not foolish enough to ask questions to which he already knows the answers." That's where a lot of us make a mistake in our prayers. That's where a lot of us in our loneliness, in our heartache and our tragedy of life miss the highest in strength, in poise, and peace, and power, because we predicate our demand of God on something which is without the province of God and which because it is co-existent with God, must be accepted on the terms of its being an eternal

factor. We have eternity in our hearts and that eternity is an indwelling peace no matter what happens to our lives. No experience which I can have or which you can have, no matter how tragic, no matter how sad, no matter what the result of that experience is to my future or yours or how that future is involved with the experience, not one little fraction of the eternal in our souls is touched, removed, or altered by the experience. If men and women could only feel their eternal relationship with the fundamentally divine, and that any experience either of loss or pain or grief or sickness or heartbreak or disillusionment or frustration or agony of soul, though it may have tremendous influence over our lives, yet it does not possess primary rating power; that there is a deep, inlaid, interwoven reality of our souls with the eternal. Everything else is superficial and subjective; and in the great moments of our agonizing experiences of life, no soul can be alone and no life can experience the inevitable agony of detachment from other hearts and other lives and the great release of this agony comes when the kinship of the eternal in their souls, in their hearts, in your souls, in your hearts, ultimately blends in complete power after the elimination of the physical-material boundaries over this time-space consciousness. That is what death does. And the loneliness and the ache and the tragedy of our hearts is all understandable, is all human. From it there is no magic wand of release. But the moment the individual lonely soul and the lonely heart can fill the indescribable agony of loneliness, can sublimate their concept into the areas of eternal beauty and know that the soul of the one they loved, the friend, the companion, the child, is an eternal indwelling presence with your soul and that death cannot separate you from that presence; when the exaltation of that conception of the mystical union of two souls that were united within the areas of the physical universe, though released from the limitations of the material, presently—a few hours, a few days, a few minutes—in the great pilgrimage toward the Infinite City of God, your loneliness becomes bearable. Power returns to your life. Sorrow and agony and heartache does one of two things to every person who has them. It either enables you to achieve a more complete interpretation of life or you can try to escape from it in superficial pleasure and relaxing your moral standards. Some think there is some way that you can forget. Well there isn't. There never is. But there is a way in which the memories can become increasingly beautiful and strengthening. The other evening I sat thrilling to the reactions of one of the most brilliant scintillating minds that the western world has ever produced, George Bernard Shaw, when I saw that Drama Quartet with Mr. Laughton, Mr. Boyer, Miss Moorehead, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke reflect without the limitations of the mechanical theatre the genius of the mind of Bernard Shaw. Shaw, beyond happiness, beyond tears, beyond laughter, beyond the physical, beyond everything, showed the life force. The most tremendous effect of the universe is the perfectibility of the human soul and the perfectibility of the human mind. The potentiality of the mind and of the soul! All life is an evolutionary process and so is death. In life there is nothing static and no boundaries and nothing stays the same. There isn't a person in this congregation this morning, there isn't a person listening to these words now who will be the same person when this sermon is finished. Not a person in this church this morning will be the same person on leaving the church that they were when they

came in. Something has happened. Why do we think that death is finality to a soul and a mind? Why do we think there is a disintegration which closes death away from the great spiritual laws of the cosmos? I believe as surely as I believe I am in this pulpit this morning that the soul evolves in life and in death and that the souls of our loved ones are recreated like the inevitable recreation of the sublime beauty of the infinite flower and that they develop and grow and expand and the souls of the living world feel the familiarity of their souls, unlimited and uncontrolled by any of the distortions of our materialistic world, and can share with them in death just as they shared in life. There can be no loneliness to a heart who understands that, no permanent loneliness.

And so when Studdert Kennedy was asked by the clergyman he said "No, I have not preached the judgment of Christ and the finality of the destiny of a soul conditioned by what one does upon earth and that settles it for all eternity." Such an infantile concept of the dignity and greatness of the human soul is beneath the dignity of the mind of God. You cannot decide your eternal destiny in seventy years of a physical life. That is impossible. And the Infinite which Studdert Kennedy was referring to understands His own laws and His own universe. We need have no fear about that, none whatever.

And Studdert Kennedy said "When He sees me I think He will ask but one question. He will not ask what theology I believed in. He will not ask my color. He will not even ask my nationality. But He will say to me 'Studdert Kennedy, what did you make of it? What did you make of it, Studdert Kennedy?' That will be the life that I want to return to God when God says to me 'What did you make of it?' "

I think, too, that is the only question God will ever ask any of us—what did you make of it? And that question implies therefore the sovereignty of love, the true characteristic of God. That question implies that we will not be judged by the standard of man. Henry Ward Beecher once said, you remember, that he expected to find three surprises awaiting him if he got to heaven. The first surprise would be that he was there himself; and I think that might surprise many of us. And the next surprise would be that he would meet some people he hadn't thought had a chance of getting there. And the next surprise, said Mr. Beecher, would be that he would miss some, who, from what they said about themselves, he had supposed would certainly be there! I think that is a fine description. The standard of God in His judgment is not yours and not mine. God knows the reason for our failures. He knows the weaknesses. He knows the tragedy and He will say to us "What did you make of it?" If we can give a good account—and you won't have to worry about the creeds and the dogmas and the ecclesiastical labels. They won't matter. "What did you make of it?" And if you failed and there was lots of mud and slime, God will understand too. "What did you make of it?" Love possesses the faculty of developing a high concept of our eternal affinity with the eternal. You will have some agonizing moments (and no one knows them better than I) and a deep sense of physical pain and unutterable longing for voices that will never be heard again and a heavy heart at the sight of little things that were so precious, your memories that bless and burn; but when you know that their souls and our souls are indestructible and are a part of the great soul of God, you can take heart and you can stand your loneliness and you can find interests

and outlets and expressions for your energy and for your activity and you can honor them.

I stand by someone's beloved dead every day of my life, some days more often than once. And I believe that the finest thing that any of us can do to honor our dead who have been removed from this physical plane and the limitations of time and space—for that is all death does—is for us to live life as we think they would like to have us live it. I think my own loved ones and yours would say to me "Preach as you have never preached. Lecture and work and write and live." I think they would say "Go on and on and on with life." That is the tribute to our dead—live as we think they would like to have us live. And you will find peace.

I am going to close with a true story and we could go on of course with this. You are an exceptional congregation this morning and I think it is because we have been dealing in universals, a universal truth and it responds in your hearts and your minds and I want to speak the comforting word and be helpful to you, because it is not theory. The first person to whom I preach when I enter this pulpit is myself. I don't always practice what I preach to myself. I make no pretensions there. But the first person to whom I preach is always myself. So these are not theories. How do I know? Because I have made it work. I had to. I couldn't face life any other way. It either demolishes and breaks you and ruins you, this great tragedy of loss, or it tempers you and widens your horizons. It can do one of these two things, and it can do it for you.

And when my dear friend, Dr. Frost, who was the great blind astronomer and who used to listen to these broadcasts, was facing the inevitable, what did he say—and he was blind—what did he say to the one who stood by his bedside and said "Dr. Frost, are you frightened?" Dr. Frost knew it was near the end, and he said "Frightened? I have seen too many stars in the night to be frightened of the dark." That's it. That's it.

And Eddie Foy, so the story goes—you all remember Eddie Foy. He was a great comedian. The younger generation never saw him. He was very funny and like all great comedians he had a desire to play tragedy and he wanted to play *Hamlet.* He wanted to play *Hamlet* seriously. And he finally got someone to produce *Hamlet* with himself in the leading role and they started rehearsals and suddenly in the middle of rehearsal one day the director said to him "Why, Eddie Foy, this is good comedy. There's nothing tragic in your version of *Hamlet.* Let's keep it that way." And so the great play was born in that theatre *"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway"* and it was a great success, and I met him one time when he was playing here in Chicago. And like all those who have to make the world laugh and smile and be at their best under all circumstances and conditions, Eddie Foy became very depressed. He developed melancholia and he became very distressed; it was almost a psychosis; and he sought out a certain physician in this city who did not know him and he walked into his office and the physician said to him "There is only one thing I can recommend to you. You need to go and see someone who will make you laugh and lift your spirits. You go and see Eddie Foy. He's playing over here at the Grand Opera House!" And Eddie Foy looked at that physician and said "Doctor, I am Eddie Foy!" That's life, isn't it? That's life.

GUEST CHOIRS IN DECEMBER

The following choirs will be guests of The Peoples Church for the Sunday evening services during the month of December:

Sunday Evening, December 2nd—Illinois Central Chorus, C. F. Kellberg, Director

Sunday Evening, December 9th—Charm Girls Chorus, S. Diephouse, Director

Sunday Evening, December 16th—Maine Township High School Choir, Alexander M. Harley, Director

Sunday Evening, December 23rd—Candlelight Service and Christmas Play "The Gift," by Marie Agnes Foley, to be presented by the Jack and Gill Players, Franklin Adams, Director, in Memory of J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director of the Uptown Players

Sunday Evening, December 30th—Soloist

* * *

RECIPROCITY DAY IN THE WOMAN'S CLUB

On December 3rd the Woman's Club will hold their Reciprocity Day program, Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman, presenting Mrs. Elmer Luckow in her program "CHICAGO THROUGH THE YEARS." Colored picture slides of Chicago many years ago will be shown, the interiors and exteriors of old homes and mansions, such as the Potter Palmer home, Cyrus McCormick home, and the history of Rush Street. Mrs. Luckow will wear a lovely gown of the Gay Nineties, as will several of the members of the club who will sing some of the old songs. The hostesses will be Mrs. J. H. Baer and Mrs. Fred Klemp.

Christmas Party

The Veterans and Volunteers Department will hold a Christmas Party on December 17th, Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh, Chairman. The program will be by Florence Wilson Guliford, Dramatic Interpreter. Hostesses, Mrs. Carl Marinello, Mrs. Carl Tiedeman and Mrs. P. Amore.

* * *

BAZAAR A SUCCESS

The Annual Bazaar was one of the finest Bazaars held in the church.

I express to the Chairman, Mrs. E. Wilbur, and her corps of loyal workers, to all the Bazaar Booth Chairmen, to every member and friend of the church who helped to bring the Bazaar to such a successful conclusion, my heartfelt gratitude for your loyal cooperation. May this year continue to be in every way one of our finest years, and may your Christmas be a Merry One.

Dr. Preston Bradley.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE most helpless, impotent little thing in the world is a human baby. Love has to be present at birth in order for life to survive. Hands of love must be there. Hearts of love must be there. Those first few dangerous and treacherous hours in which you and I lived in the world we would never have lived through, if love had not been there. As long as the little child is a part of the mother's body, that is one environment; but the moment the little child becomes a part through birth of life, that is a new environment. There begins its first awareness and familiarity with a world which that little child did not know.

Have you ever stopped to think—and Christmas is a good time to stop and think about it—what might have happened to the world if *this little Baby* had not survived the dangers of birth in a cold stable?

Have you ever stopped to envisage what might have happened to the art, the literature, the poetry, the music, the love of life that has captured the imagination of the artists, the poets, the playwrights, the essayists, the dreamers and the lovers down through history if anything had happened to *this little Child?*

Have you ever stopped to think how the great creative arts would have been impoverished? For the greatest painters that ever held a brush or touched a canvas used *Him* as a theme. The greatest musicians that ever out of the depths of their souls captured the melodies of beauty which *His* love inspired, gave us great cantatas, oratorios, anthems—souls of musicians inspired by *His* life.

Have you ever happened to think what would have happened to art, what would have happened to the world, had *He* died?

The inspiration which he brought to the creative faculties of men finds a way to make articulate the Divine beauty of God, for that was the purpose of the life of the Baby as shown by an unbroken, unblemished record.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHY HOARD LOVE?

Why shut up Love within the heart
And hide the key in some forgotten spot
Until December 25th each year—I wonder!

What spell is this comes down to earth
That we seek out the key again
In that one month—December?

Why hoard up Love, and place it all
Beneath a green fir tree on just one night—
And then clean house—and burn the tree!

'Twould be a lovelier thing by far
Or so it seems to me—and make this earth
A finer place—to never lock up Love at all—

Just keep heart's door wide open
And tend the green tree all year round
And daily place Love's token.

Ethel Wells Smalley

The more I thought about these lines the more I liked the idea. Wouldn't it be rather lovely to have always a little fir tree growing in a pot of earth in your home, as a symbol of eternal Love—a symbol that your household was dedicated to the ideal of Love—universal, divine Love, that included all mankind in your thought? Of course the fir tree would grow and spread its branches—just as Love does. But if it got too large for your house one could always plant it in the yard, or if that were not possible or practical, then give it to some home where there might be a lobby fitting for a large tree—oh, there would always be a place for a beautiful growing fir tree, even if one gave it back to the forest from whence it came.

This is a generous country of generous-hearted people, and the fir tree would become the symbol of this country's love for all mankind. Yes, I like the idea.

* * *

"It just shouldn't happen to her," said everyone when they were told that Helen Blessing Eddins was in the hospital with a broken ankle—compound fracture. No one could believe it, to begin with. Such a gallant, indomitable spirit, who always claimed that such things just didn't happen to her. Do we just have to have an exception, I wonder, to prove the rule? Well, it happened.

Helen Blessing Eddins was tired of waiting for the carpenter to come and repair her garage roof. There just wasn't anything she wouldn't tackle around her home, where she has lived for over twenty-five years, on a pleasant, quiet little residential street not far from the Swedish Covenant Hospital. So why shouldn't she be able to just hammer a board on that garage roof? But the result was a bad fall and the broken ankle.

It was the fire department that got her safely to the emergency room of the hospital, after she had "set" the ankle herself and had a neighbor help her tie it tight in a towel. And when I saw her that night, the first thing she said was in praise of the firemen and how gently they had transported her to the hospital. She said she never would forget their kindness. And I thought what a lovely note on which to begin a healing—gratitude!

It surely will not be Helen Eddins'

gratitude alone that will help the healing, but the gratitude of innumerable people who have cause to be grateful to Mrs. Eddins for her constant kindness to others. Is anyone ill? Helen Eddins goes to see them. Does anyone need to be taken somewhere? Helen Eddins will take them. The list is long of those who are grateful to Helen Eddins. I have known her to sit up till 4:00 o'clock in the morning just doing a favor for someone, though she may have had to be up early the next day to do some other favors for some other people. And I positively do not think this break would have happened to her had she not been a little tired from tōo strenuous a program of helping other people in that beloved car of hers.

When I visited her in the hospital her great concern was that she did not quite feel up to writing, and so many people had sent her lovely cards, that she did want to answer them all.

Were you one of those who were amazed to see her present in church at the wedding of her friend Charlotte Bauer and H. Bruce Spencer? I was.

(Footnote: These lines about Mrs. Eddins were intended for the November Liberalist, but due to a very full number the Mail Bag had to be omitted; and I just had to have my say, even if it is a month late for now Mrs. Eddins is home again at 2710 Giddings St., Chicago 25.)

* * *

Diane Havorka, 16 years old, a member of the Peoples Church Sunday School and a member of the Church Choir, is a student at the Amundsen High School. The teacher of her class in English asked the students to write an essay about the most unforgettable person they ever met. Diane chose to write about Jimmie—J. Bradley-Griffin. Her teacher thought the essay so lovely that she suggested to Diane that she make a copy of it and give it to Dr. Bradley. Diane handed the copy to Dr. Bradley at the Sunday School Family Dinner. Dr. Bradley read the essay to himself shortly before addressing the Sunday School. His heart was pretty full right then and it was a difficult moment. He thought you would like to read what Diane wrote:

"GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE"

God Bless Us, Every One is perhaps a peculiar title, but to me it is the only title, words which I shall always associate with Jimmie. Portraying the grotesque and pitiful Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol—that, to me, was Jimmie at his best.

Perhaps you too knew him; not as I knew him, as plain Jimmie, but as J. Bradley-Griffin, foster son of Dr. Preston Bradley, and the Founder and Director of The Uptown Players.

"From this you may get the idea that Jimmie was aloof and uppish. He was a great man; a great man never finds time to be aloof and uppish. He would never deliberately hurt anyone. His kindly instincts understood all with gentle courtesies. He was no respecter of caste; the humble were treated with the same graciousness as the more fortunate.

I have never known anyone who possessed a finer understanding and appreciation of the theatre than Jimmie. As a director he was unexcelled. As an actor, the many parts which he played throughout the years will stand out vividly in the minds of all who saw and heard him. As a recitalist of poetry, music and drama, the charm of his personality will never be forgotten. Wherever Jimmie was, the place was better for his presence.

If you had ever worked with him in a play, as I did, you would have felt the love and unity between director and actor. Jimmie was a soloist

to be sure. As I look back on his solo recitation of "South Pacific," I know this is true, but he also possessed the ability to make himself one of the group. His recitation of "The American Way" brought humble tears to the eyes of all who heard him and proves my point.

His sympathy for weakness and his patience when misundersood were qualities too seldom found in most people today.

Jimmie was an artist in the true sense of the word and his ideal was perfection. His profession brought him countless honors and much applause; yet in the face of his greatness he never forgot to be humble, kind and considerate of those close to him.

He had his faults, yes. What mortal hasn't? But in weighing the richness and goodness of his life against the imperfection, one found a healthy balance on the credit side.

Jimmie is gone; no more will we see the familiar, stocky figure; but in the hearts of all who knew him he will never die.

He was laid to rest last June, after a brief illness, beside his mother, in Linden, Michigan. His life was an inspiration to all his associates and I am grateful for the privilege of having known such a man.

Jimmie always hated goodbyes; but I know that it would have pleased him if he had heard the farewell address of the Reverend Thomas, who conducted his funeral with these closing words: *Jimmie, at that casement we salute you with joy and gratitude for all you have been to us. So long! We'll be seeing you!*

Diane Havorka,
4451 N. Winchester Avenue.

* * *

On October 5th Dr. Bradley spoke in the Euclid Avenue Methodist Church, to the Men's Club. On October 2nd he received this letter from the Pastor, Rev. Paul E. Turk. Dr. Bradley is always especially pleased to hear from those who have followed his work through the years, and especially a co-worker in the ministry:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It will be a joy to have you in our church on this Friday night to speak to our men.

I believe we have had you twice in the other two churches I have served—Oregon, Illinois, and Libertyville, Illinois, and both times you have inspired the groups.

It seems like quite a while since I went to Garrett in the late 30's and used to go hear you preach quite often on Sunday, and you have done a wonderful work through the years.

We look forward to your coming Friday.

Cordially,
Paul Turk.

* * *

Surely most of our readers will remember Casey Jones, the young man who lives in Gillett, Wisconsin, and who has been a faithful correspondent now for several years. For the benefit of our new readers, Casey suffered a terrific automobile accident which apparently had paralyzed him for life. But Casey fought a valiant battle and has been steadily going up the ladder of success ever since. Dr. Bradley became interested in Casey Jones, whose letterhead at that time carried a cut of an energetic little engine carrying a car marked *Bargain Express,* advertising Magazines, Stationery, Greeting Cards and Books. He told of Casey on a radio broadcast, and a manufacturer outfitted Casey with a number of additional gadgets which helped him greatly. In a letter received in 1949 Casey told Dr. Bradley:

"I still have completely paralyzed hands, but I have learned to use a

hammer, nails, screw driver, jigsaw, and several other tools quite well. I have modified some of them somewhat to enable me to use them."

Casey was then planning to attend a University extension course in Green Bay.

I think it was about a year and a half ago that Dr. Bradley received a letter from Casey telling of his marriage to a gorgeous redhead, enclosing a photograph of the bride and Casey, a fine looking young couple. Casey's father, a retired minister, had gone to Florida where he and Mrs. Jones were to settle permanently, and had turned the farm over to Casey, who intended running it with hired help.

Casey Jones has won all our hearts with his indomitable spirit, courage and persistence. Now this spring came a letter from him, in which he says among other things:

"Mrs. Casey and I have been getting along swell. She finishes school in four more weeks and has signed up to teach a school near here next year. My rehabilitation has continued to progress and I have learned to be even more independent. I have turned to writing and have acquired numerous rejection slips, also a couple of checks. I am doing extension work in English and Composition through the University and of course I continue my subscription work and plastic work.

"Ted Hoyer, the fellow from Oshkosh, has progressed remarkably and has organized a company to manufacture equipment for the handicapped. He has invented a unique and useful electric hoist to transfer severely disabled from bed to wheel-chair and vice versa. It is entirely self-operated by the patient, safe, gentle, and sells at a nominal cost. He has also invented a Car Lift, which mounts on top of any car, and with it severely disabled persons may transfer quickly and easily from wheel-chair to car. I understand that he has made and sold several of these and they certainly are a boon to those who need them.

"I wish that Ted and I, along with our equipment, could operate as a unit and travel from center to center and demonstrate our equipment and abilities to other similarly handicapped individuals in hospitals, rehabilitation centers and homes all over the United States. We have discussed it several times, and it would surely be a worthwhile project, but we know of no way to finance it. We have thought of getting some large manufacturer to finance it as an advertising project. The sad fact is that most centers still regard rehabilitation for the quadraplegic as impossible and impractical and they have little if any concept of how to achieve that goal. I feel that we, with our gadgets, equipment, methods which we have worked out, and our abilities, enabling us to actually demonstrate and show them. could do wonders towards helping others achieve rehabilitation.

"Best wishes to you and may God bless you in your endeavors.

Very sincerely,

Casey Jones."

When you read the above letter, do add your prayers to those of all the other friends of these two grand boys, that they may succeed in their great desire to pass on the good that has come to them. They traveled many miles last year in order to hear Dr. Bradley address a Wisconsin audience in another town than theirs. Dr. Bradley met them both and will always be interested in their progress.

* * *

We close our Mail Bag with the following lovely letter from a radio friend:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We are all happy to hear your voice

on our radio again, more happy than you can perhaps realize.

In this day of uncertainty, when one fears to pick up the daily papers because of the increasing number of murders, etc., together with the seeming lack of integrity in governmental circles, it is refreshing to know that there is at least one shall we say "light shining in the darkness" who dares to speak the truth as he sees it, always.

You have regained strength and courage to carry on, and it is well. The country needs you. As I mentioned before, you have friends that you know not of. Close by is a negro gentleman who has a news stand, and his radio is always tuned to your sermon on Sunday. I feel that this could be multiplied by thousands. May God give the strength you need, together with the inspiration to serve humanity in the future as in the past. There is no one to take your particular place in the heart of this community.

My daughter works very frequently on Sunday as a telephone operator so I cannot visit the Church because of my injured leg, but I hope soon to be stronger.

In the meantime will attempt to send the widow's mite each month. I have not sent in my contribution because I felt it would be insignificant in comparison with that which I have received.

When our beloved Master was on earth, He touched upon events with the same poetic tenderness that you express in your sermons. Please never alter your delivery for there is an immortality of beauty that lingers with one, long after the service. I have never been able to think highly of a religion that was not attractive. Beauty and holiness must be linked together.

Glod bless you.

Therese M. Snyder.

* * *

Write often.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

CHRISTMAS is the children's season more than anyone else's. The most exquisite book has come to my desk entitled *This Is The Way*. Though not essentially a child's book, yet it is dedicated to a little child called *Hadley*. I think of it as a book for parents to use with their children, as the child grows up. It is a book of illustrations—beautiful illustrations, which any child will love; illustrations of children of many lands, in the costume of those lands. It is also a collection of Prayers and Precepts from World Religions. The selections have been made by Jessie Orton Jones and the illustrations are by Elizabeth Orton Jones; Viking Press, publishers. The illustrations fill each page almost completely, the prayer or precept consisting of a few lines only. As the child becomes interested in the illustration, and hears the lovely words of the prayer read to him, his ear will become attuned to beauty. Later the meaning will become clear to him and as he grows older the book should become a cherished possession, leading him to

respect all nationalities and to recognize the fundamental truth underlying all religious thought.

With simplicity and beauty the book shows the essential oneness of people—the harmony for which we are all striving in our own ways.

The American Indian prays to the Great Power; he meets Hindu children at their worship, and, in turn, Bushman, Mohammedan, Hebrew, Christian. They all gather in a gradually swelling procession of children from many lands.

This Is the Way brings out the fact that worship is a universal experience which, in its essence, contains the germ of brotherly love. The Golden Rule is found at the root of all religions, and children can be given the opportunity to learn about the underlying spiritual unity of all races, all religions so they will have respect for the faith of others, and will find a new meaning in the Fatherhood of God, and will learn the secret of living together in peace.

The illustrations are in soft tones of gray and yellow and will fascinate the parents quite as much as the children. It is truly a book for the home—to be left in a prominent spot on library or living-room table.

* * *

If you are one of those who have often thought somewhat wistfully about owning a small farm, do read *Twelve Cows—And We're in Clover,* by George Rehm. George Rehm had lived for many years in France, working as a newspaperman for the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune. During World War II he was with the O.W.I. but returned to France at war's end to take over the Marseilles bureau of the U. S. Information Service. That office was closed in 1947 and Mr. Rehm thought about farming.

The book is an inspiring success story, published by William Morrow and Company. It is earthy, intelligent and appealing, and is made lively with anecdote and humor—a revelation in personality—even to the cows themselves. At 53 the author decided to become a farmer.

In his foreword, Louis Bromfield says:

"More and more people have turned away . . . from the noise and complexities of city life . . . the convention and sterility . . . of telephones, automobiles, radios, plumbing and general empty hubbub . . . I think the impulse arises from a strong instinctive sense of the superficiality and transcience of a mechanical city existence in which time rushes by in a round of nerve-destroying complications. . . . The author is not a crank, or a romantic or a visionary. He is a wise and experienced man who wishes to know something better than the country club, two cars in the garage, three bathrooms and radio-television antennae in every house. . . . He discovered that every cow is a character and that very often they have more virtues than many people and, frequently enough, are infinitely more entertaining and lovable. . . . Many people will enjoy his emotions and reactions vicariously.

* * *

A beautiful book, 10½ by 14 inches and about an inch thick has just been published. The reason I mention the size of this book is because many of the reproductions of paintings of the Old Masters are full-page size. Three years ago Life Magazine began a series on Western Culture, which provided the nucleus for this book, but a great deal of the material, both text and illustrations, many of them in full color, has been prepared specially for this book—*Life's Picture History of Western Man,* which Time, Inc., published October 29th. It is by the Editors of Life. They have undertaken to

retell the story of Western Man, because, they tell us, once again Western Man is faced with a crisis so huge and terrible that he feels his very survival is at stake. They have not attempted any new interpretation of history, but have tried to express the concensus of generations of scholars, through a meaningful blending of words and pictures.

This huge volume includes 150,000 words of text and hundreds of pictures, paintings, engravings, maps and portraits—a book of more than 300 pages, 116 of them in full color. The text was prepared by the editors of *Life* in cooperation with noted scholars.

It traces the heritage of modern man from the beginnings of Christendom to the westward course of civilization toward the Americas. It's a new kind of history, told for the first time through the words of the men and women who created the beauties of our civilization: their bell-towers, cathedrals and palaces, their paintings and their statuary, their maps and charts and illuminated manuscripts, their charters and treaties and scientific formulas, their hymns and their systems of philosophy.

Andrew Heiskell, publisher of *Life,* says, *The purpose of the book is to give Americans who would like to know where they are going, the understanding that can be found only in knowing where they came from.*

There are twelve sections of text and pictures, with reproductions from the works of such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Delacroix, Rembrandt, Turner and Vermeer. When great painting and statuary and architecture leaves off, other illustrations carry the story to the era of the machine. A great deal of material never before published will be made available to readers for the first time.

Last fall *Life's Picture History of World War II* sold more than half a million copies. Now this fall we have *Life's Picture History of Western Man.*

The twelve sections are titled as follows: Introduction, Western Man's Ancient Heritage. (I) The Spirit of the Middle Ages. (II) Medieval Life. (III) Renaissance Man. (IV) The Glory of Venice. (V) The Age of Exploration. (VI) The Protestant Reformation. The Rise of Bourgeois Man. The Dawn of Modern Science. (VII) The Age of Enlightenment. (VIII) Eighteenth Century England. The Rise of Parliamentary Government. (IX) The Age of Revolutions. (X) The American Idea. The American Experience. (The book is priced at $10 and is a beautiful gift book.)

* * *

Here is a book especially for fathers, called *Fathers Are Parents Too.* It is a constructive guide to successful fatherhood, by O. Spurgeon English, M.D. and Constance J. Foster. Dr. Spurgeon English is professor of psychiatry at Temple University in Philadelphia. Mrs. Constance J. Foster has been a free-lance writer since 1927 and her articles have appeared in *Parents' Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal,* etc.

The publishers tell us this book will show you how to inspire and encourage your child to make a successful adjustment to his future social and vocational responsibilities and become a useful, happy, fortunate individual. In a constructive manner the authors, a well-known writing team in the field of popular psychology, state the case in clear, concise language with plenty of lively examples to drive home their points.

Parents' Magazine says: *In this book fathers will find sound counsel and guidance which, if applied and practiced, will enable them to enjoy the distinctive opportunities and satisfactions reserved for fatherhood. All the*

important problems with which fathers are confronted, beginning with those of the prospective father, are covered. The presentation is made in readily understandable language and fully utilizes the profound insights provided by modern, dynamic psychiatry.

Father will discover that he is as important to his daughter as he is to his son and can enjoy her equal confidence. Sex education is discussed in a manner which puts him at ease with his son and daughter. The chapter "Father by Adoption" is to be commended for the particular warmth and understanding displayed in it.

English and Foster succeed in inspiring fathers with the determination and confidence necessary to enable them to take greater advantage of the existing opportunities to play a more effective role in their children's lives.

Too often the father ranks business ahead of his children in importance, on the theory that he *owes it to them* to devote his life to increasing the family income. But if he is the Tired Businessman five days a week, plays golf on Saturday, props the Sunday paper between himself and family the seventh day, he is failing in his real job in life regardless of his income.

Much has been said about *mom.* But what about *pop?* This book is definitely an excellent How to be a Good Father guidebook.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER 16th to NOVEMBER 15th

OCTOBER

17—Two funerals
Address, Masonic Lodge, 32 W. Randolph Street
18—Conference with Mrs. E. B. Wilbur, President, Woman's Club, Peoples Church.
Address. Book Review. Johanna Lodge No. 9, United Order of True Sisters, 72 E. 11th Street.
Address. American Inter-Professional Institute, Kenosha, Wis.
19—Wedding.
Address. Sutherland PTA Association, 10015 S. Leavitt St.
20—Funeral.
Two weddings.
Sick Calls.
21—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Sermon. Warren Ave. Congregational Church.
22—Funeral.
Sick calls, hospitals and homes.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
23—Funeral.
24—Address. Industrial Fellowship Dinner, Davenport, Iowa, Masonic Temple.
25—Funeral.
Address. Opening Dinner, Friends of Literature, Art Institute.
26—Dinner. Church School, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
27—Two funerals.
Wedding.
28—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Sermon. First Congregational Church, Ottawa, Ill.
29—Funeral.
Baptism of Japanese who was studying P.T.A. in America.
Address. Past Master's Night, Waukegan Lodge, A. F. & A. M. Masonic Temple, Waukegan.
30—Wedding.
Address. Award Dinner. U. S. Steel Corporation, Hotel Gary, Gary, Ind.

NOVEMBER

1—Funeral.
Sick Calls.
2—Funeral.
Address. Soroptimist Club, 32 W. Randolph Street.
Wedding.
3—Weddings.
4—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Opening Evening Service, Peoples Church.
5—Wedding.
Funeral.
Address. Donation Tea, Woman's Club, Peoples Church.

Address. Izaak Walton League, Honeywell Memorial Bldg., Wabash, Indiana.

6—Funeral.
Meeting. Mayor's Office.
Meeting. Randall Cooper's Office.

7—TV appearance on WGN-TV honoring Leo Lerner.
Opening Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
Official Opening of Peoples Church Bazaar.
Address. Edgewater Beach Hotel, Leo Lerner Anniversary.

8—Funeral.
Attendance at Annual Bazaar, Peoples Church.

9—Attendance at Annual Bazaar, Peoples Church.
Address, Amundsen High School narcotics meeting.

10—Wedding.
Funeral.

11—Two services. People Church.

12—Three funerals.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Address. Southmoor Hotel, U.S. Steel Co. Award Dinner.

13—Conference with Dr. Charles Lyttle of Meadville Theological Seminary.

14—Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.

15—Funeral.
Address. LaFayette Hotel, Rockford, Ill., Jr. Assoc. Commerce.

WEDDINGS

OCTOBER

19—Nell Allen and
James Sorenson

20—Gladys Uehrke and
Irving Sokolsky
Marie M. Zorick and
Albert W. DuPlacey

21—Miss Delores Smith and
Adrian Greek

26—Marguerite Garver and
Daryll Frank

27—Mrs. Ann Hamilton Babcock and John H. Holcomb

28—Charlotte Bauer and
H. Bruce Spencer

30—Bessie Smejkal and
Arthur R. Budasz

NOVEMBER

2—Jeanne Jimenez and
Mitchell E. Westra

3—Barbara Brach Alsdorf and
George B. Sharpe
Dorothy Ott and
John Russell

5—Mrs. Florence Mae Cummings and
R. A. McConnell

10—Jane Bosyka and
Robert Ruhlach

CHRISTENING

OCTOBER

29—Kuranosuke Zeniya

NOVEMBER

11—Karen Ann Kosner, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. James Kosner

FUNERALS

OCTOBER

17—Mrs. Ella Mae Mitchell
Mrs. Frances Caird

20—Andrew C. Hamilton

22—Esther Stellhorn

23—Charles Chester Field

25—Mrs. Clara Nolte

27—Mrs. Sarah Lloyd
Hilda Rust

29—Jennie Friend

NOVEMBER

1—Richard B. Thornton

2—John Johnson

5—Kenneth B. Lamond

6—George H. Ray

8—Mrs. Wm. A. Johnson

10—Mrs. Sophia Blomquist

12—Commander A. E. Nielsen
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